IN MISS WILKINS'S LAND

NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

Queer and Quaint Characters Found on Every Hand-Easy to See Where Novelists Get Material.

Annie C. Muirhead, in New York Commer-

cial Advertiser. who once upon a time waved his wand of thousands of pilgrims from beyond the seas-pilgrims in whose presence we might well feel rebuked, for they often took it as a personal compliment and feit proud to wear the halo of the past around

without discovering that America, and coquettish about her garb, whether New England especially, is very quickly putting a past behind it; and in the New England village where I spent the summer haps to Scotland there is an additional at- which seemed to surround her as with an traction, the feeling of kinship, spiritual aroma of the eighteenth century. if not radical; for in the reserved, austere | There was a spinster of another

which she has made us familiar. As I came to go about this village of which I speak I found myself continually saying: "Why, that person is just like one of Miss Wilkins's characters," or, as the tragedy or comedy or scandal attached to this house or that cottage was told me, I exclaimed every now and again, "That sounds like a story by Miss Wilkins." The very names of the people seemed as if they had been made up for purposes of fiction and taken out of one of her books. Alamanza Osborne was one of the names, I remember, and Philinda Robbins another-neither of which, somehow, sound quite real.

STORIES OF LIFE. There is surely something strong and

unyielding to circumstances that makes the New England character attract to itself the tragic destinies of which one heard at every corner. But there were not only rough-hewn and boulderesque characters to hear about, suitable center figures for tragedy, but there were also those modeled on a smaller scale and finished in every perfection of dainty detail. There were tales of passion, secret, powerful, conquering all obstacles; of mean and cowardly behavior, insanity and suicide, of disappointment and death; and there were stories with a touch of farce about them; and there were happy stories, too, but not so many of these, for the happy life is that which has no story. And all this within the compass of one little village. My hostess had the American gift for fluency of expression, and entertained me with one romantic tale after another. Almost as interesting were the walking and breathing types that met us as we went and

One of the most interesting persons in

the village was a man in a humble walk of | practices it. life. It is difficult to say what his profession was, for he had so many. He worked In the graveyard during the day, and in the evening acted as village cobbler, besides putting in an odd job now and then in the way of killing chickens for certain poultry keepers of the neighborhood, his esthetic tastes found outlet in the cultivation of a garden. It is difficult to understand how he found time for all these duties, for he was very slow and deliberate, both of speech and action. Perhaps he was one of those who hasten slowly, and so accomplish much. His brow was noble and his eyes steadfast and true, but his stature was unheroic. Not only was he a small man, but, even so, not of graceful proportions, for his legs were too short. He was heroic of spirit, however, and alone of all the villagers had volunteered for the Spanish-American war. But, alas! here his short legs stood ve.y much in his way, for he was an inch below regulation height, and so his valor was rejected. His brave and martial spirit has been put to the test in other ways besides. Many a man who is brave in the trenches has qualled before the eyes of woman, and has found a proposal of marriage a much harder task than a challenge to a duel. Jonas, however, could up his courage to the sticking It is on record that he went to call for the first time on the damsel whom he had selected as a likely wife for himself. It was she herself who came to the door and opened it to him. He was not a whit abashed nor taken by surprise, but forthwith, without preliminary or preamble, announced his errand in his usual

"Will you marry me if I get a good job? Alas! that we should have to record that his heroism was unrewarded. Whether it was that the good job never came, or that Jonas is a bachelor still. He has had bad luck in his matrimonial efforts-for this was not his only effort. Perhaps the reason is that he does not see his way clear to marry until his mother, to whom he is a devoted son-and what I am going to say is no evidence to the contrary-shall have taken her departure from this vale of woe. As the old lady is still hale and hearty, perhaps the patience of other possible future Mistresses Jonases has given

JONAS'S ILL FORTUNE.

Or, perhaps it is the leisurely taciturnity of Jonas himself that is to blame, for to the young and frivolous, he is scarcely entertaining company. There was another fair one who had encouraged his attentions to the extent of accepting his invithem, was: "Why, that man looks like father!" Then, on approaching the figure: "Why, that is father!" And, as the bugg; drave past the pedestrian: "Hello, father! Methinks this tale bath a chestnutty flavor, but is sufficiently characteristic to be we

adapted if it be not true. Like a true hero, he is not discouraged and was still on the warpath when last heard of. One Sunday he had been seen escorting a lady to a famous dahlia farm of the neighborhood. That looked suspiciously significant. When we, quite innocently, followed in his footsteps next day, the farmer and proprietor asked us whether we could tell him who it was that lonas was "waiting upon." We couldn't. Jonas could keep his affairs to himself when he wanted. The fair unknown is oubtless still tormenting the dahlla farm-

er with her anonymity. Farmer Frost, the owner of the dahli farm referred to, was himself a striking figure, and a sturdy personality beside, and was picturesque of costume withal, with blue-checked overalls, and a large white hat to shield him from the sun as he tend-ed his acres of dahlias, from beneath which

-never! And it was with small regard for making the thing pay, as he assured us: and we were stricken with instant conviction. He would undoubtedly have taken as much pleasure in his dahlias even if they did not yield him a cent, but they rewarded his single-hearted devotion by winning him prizes at all the shows, and people came from far and near to buy cuttings of his plants. Every Sunday was a show Sunday with him. It was a regular Sunday play for the people of the district to visit his farm, so Jonas needed not even the excuse of similar tastes with the old farmer for bringing thither the young lady he was "waiting upon." He was generous of his flowers to the visitor. All we had to do was copiously to admire, and behold! we were laden down with more stiff and gorgeous beauties than we could con-

veniently carry.

I wish I could remember some of quaint names of his floral pets. The only one that sticks in my mind is "Miss Ruth," and that for two reasons. Jonas grew this particular kind also in more modest garden, and had presented it to us one day in graceful return for our expressed admiration. It, or she, was of a dainty pale pink, with precise little Quakerish quills. But, as Farmer Frost told us, "Miss Ruth" was a flirt, and did not always restrict herself to her dainty pale pink, but allowed herself vagaries ometimes in the way of flashes of color.

NAMED HIS FLOWERS.

The other reason why I remember the name of this special dahlia is that "Miss Ruth" seemed to me the floral symbol of another Miss Wilkins character whom we met-one of those dainty spinsters Miss Wilkins describes so lovingly, who seem as if they must be laid away in lavendar at the times when they are not in public view. But this "Miss Ruth" was so young as scarcely to have earned the title of and immaculately attired ("attired" is the word to use), with something quakerishly were the rosebuds sprigged over her muslin gown, or the white kid shoes she quaintly appropriate touch that gave this effect. Her house, cozy with old-fashioned tasteful. Her little maid, who opened the of them, and I thought a man was a fool Wilkins has already contrived to little tea-table in the parlor was always on the other side of the Atlantic | laid out, ready to refresh the chance see the picturesqueness of the lives and visitor, with quaint old china and a choice | honored just on account of their antiquity, characters of the New Englanders. Per- of two kinds of tea, and even chocolate,

men and women that she draws so well ration in the village, too-dear old Miss with their high and severe sense of duty, Keziah, looking as prim and starched and and much romantic idealism hidden be- old fashioned as her name, who was neath a rough and naive exterior, we famed in all the country round for the woman, and elaborates all his theories Scotch folks may see a strong family like- elegance of her diction. There are many examples of her fine language handed from mouth to mouth, but they have bethis spot such-and-such a thing happened." | truth from the fiction. From her windows No, but we can meet Miss Mary Wilkins's | you could see a fine "vista," never merely characters in the flesh, still living and a "view." The rain "percolated through working out their village tragedies; and the radicles" of her hedge, and when a can recognize the types, at least, with dog once so far forgot himself as to yelp at her maiden ankles, she was heard exclaiming, "Desist, cur, desist!"

I enjoyed all these people hugely. There seemed a keenly individual flavor about them all, illustrating, perhaps, the dictum of a recent writer, who refutes the charge of monotony so often leveled against democracies, by pointing out that though there may be a certain samness in American society viewed from outside, resulting from the absence of the class distinctions that make so much of the picturesqueness of old world societies, there is actually less monotony within, for the inmake up democratic society is more strong-

But perhaps I should not have been charges the function of the artist by making us see things that are really there, summer I spent in Miss-Mary-Wilkinsland; and the characteristic flavors of the interesting folk I met there still lie in my memory, fragrant as dried rose leaves-and may the sweet perfume last long!

IMPORTANCE OF THRIFT.

visited by just retribution and revenge; of Russell Sage, a Man Who Knows, Tells | trial; and the next day a quiet little woman How to Save.

Saturday Evening Post.

Thrift is so essential to happiness in this world that the failure to practice it is, to me, incomprehensible. It is such an easy, simple thing, and it means so much. It is the foundation of success in business, of contentment in the home, of standing in society. It stimulates industry. I never yet heard of a thrifty man who was lazy. It begets independence and self-confidence. It makes a man of the individual who

I think the greatest fault that characterizes our education of the young to-day is the failure to teach thrift in the schools. From the very outset a child ought to understand the value of saving. In some schools, I understand, penny savings funds are now established. Out of these funds, if they are administered with practical common sense, will grow more sound teaching than out of anything else in the curriculum. I mean teaching that will make for success; and that, after all, is

what the mother hopes for for her child and a nation for its citizens. Failure in the world is impossible if young man will start out right. If society will take hold of the matter in the proper spirit, every young man will start out right. Of course, even under the most favorable conditions there will be exceptions ery rule. Of them we can take no account But the great body of young men would go right if they were taught the road at | She is painstaking about every feature of the outset. You may not be able to make her work. When a man can't get his trial good morals by legislation, but you can make a successful man by proper teaching

age child ever hears in school of the value of saving is contained in some dry textbook or essay. There is nothing living, vital or forcible in such material as this. It is of very much greater importance that a child | it is due if she has to work nights and Sunon the road to success in the world than it out before she goes on. If a woman books that he should know the road to Cape Town or London, or that he should know the involved principles of the higher sci-

This is a tremendously practical world,

and that man is going to get the most out of it who is not hampered by a constant want of money. It is absurd to suppose that great riches always bring happiness. or even that the accumulation of great iches is essential to success. The man f moderate means is, on the whole, perhaps happier than the extremely rich man, and he who makes for himself a safe place any field can be set down as being quite s successful as the man who accumulates ardup cannot under any circumstances be sons without any of the grumbling and appy, no matter what the foolish in the with debts. Helpless poverty is the most | their work. You see, their very limitations rushing affliction that can come to a famly, and is the affliction most easily avoid The man who starts out right will never be poor in the extreme sense, no matter how limited his income, or how reumscribed his opportunities. Let him lay down the rule for himself hat he will invariably spend less than he nakes; then he is safe. No man can be appy in this life for any length of time if matter how dazzlingly he starts out, or what his prospects are. If he deviates from ucceed in something to be happy. That man surely faces acute misery who at thirty is not better off than he was at twenty. servance there can be no possible excuse. that he always has something to lay by. and is certain to have, in the end, a competence to protect him against all ordinary worries. Of course, there may come unavoidable accidents; but even these will be more easily combated if, as a young man, the habit of economizing had been cultiexamples of misery caused by unthrifti-ness, how such things can be with a human the best bookkeeper's place in the market. The best bookkeeper's place in the market. The best bookkeeper's place in the market. vated. I wonder constantly, when I meet being whose brain is normal.

Needlework or Music. New York Commercial Advertiser.

It might not be such a bad idea to have the musical critic and the needlework editor join forces and help each other out when detailed descriptions are the order of the day. The fancy work editor and her directions to "purl two and skip one,

WOMEN AS BOOKKEEPERS

Prejudices Against the An Employer's Experience.

New York Sun.

The woman bookkeeper is not before the public so prominently as the woman stenographer, but her position in the business world is one of the straws which shows the way the wind is blowing. If the testimony of a large number of business men of New York is to be accepted, the woman bookkeeper has come to stay, and is slowly but surely replacing her brother in the work. A hint of the old prejudice still lingers, and there are men who insist that they will never employ women for office work; but, when forced by a Sun reporter to stand and deliver, these conversations could rarely show an argument more logical than personal prejudice and the fact that a man had to be careful about the language in an office when there were women around

made the change and employ women bookkeepers are loud in praise of the innovation. One recent convert has a staff of upon them with as much pride as though they were a pudding of his own invention.

said enthusiastically. "It took me a long time to come around to it. Of course there for employing one. There are a lot of who has never run up against the working about womankind from study of woman phases in his now family and social circles. needs enlightment. Now, I firmly believed a sort of creed. Women were physically incapable of steady and trying work. Womon were too narrow to grasp broad business principles. Women talked too much to trusted. Women were too frivolous to take a deep interest in an employer's business. Women were inaccurate. Women couldn't keep the personal equation out of business relations. I could have gone on that way all day, telling you reasons why women weren't fit for office work. I was a fool. In fact, I was several kinds of a fool. I've a senior bookkeeper and five junior bookkeepers, all women, and that creed of mine has been knocked into a cocked hat by higher criticism.

CHANGE OF OPINION. "Within the last ten years more and more women employes have been turning dividuality of the separate members that | up in the down-town offices, and my friends who had tried women for their bookkeeping all insisted the experiment was a success, able to enjoy them so much if it had not but I held off. About three years ago my over, it doesn't require so much practical been for Miss Mary E. Wilkins, who dis- head bookkeeper took to mixed drinks, and began giving me Manhattan and Marbut which we might not have discovered | tini ledgers, so I had to fire him, and while for ourselves. Anyhow, it was a pleasant I was wondering what to do a friend in my line of business came in. He was just closing out here, preparatory to moving West, and he had the best bookkeeper that ever struck off a trial balance.

"'Send him around,' I said.

"He's a woman. " 'That settles it.' But it didn't settle it. was talked into giving the bookeeper a in black walked into the office. She's there yet. When she leaves I'll retire from business. There hasn't been a hitch since she struck the place. She has missed two days in three years, and then she was burying a brother. We set our clock by her arangry. I've never seen her cranky. She has a low voice, and at first some of the men used to put up pools on the number of words she would speak in a day. She didn't waste any. She has a head for detail that is simply amazing, and she is so methodical and neat that our books are works of art.

"At first she had men for her juniors, and they resented her arrival, but she managed them perfectly. I've a notion that she manages all of us, but we don't know it. If she is forced into assuming responsibility she does it and she is usually right, but she prefers consulting me. It's a matter of form, ordinarily, but it is decidedly better than the man's fashion of thinking he knows more about the business than his employer and going off half-cocked. I find that a woman's lack of self-confidence is, if not excessive, one of her merits in clerical work. She isn't taking any chances, and when a new problem confronts her she finds out, once for all, how it ought to be met.

A SAFETY GUARD. "That very lack of self-confidence makes is born to detail, and she is patient with it balance and is in a hurry he makes a cross entry, forces a balance, and some time As matters stand now, all that the aver- during the next month finds where the trouble was. You will not catch a woman bookkeeper doing that. She isn't confident enough. She'll strike off that balance when days, and will get everything straightened keeper is competent at all you'll never find her books in a muddle. Then, a woman usually gets her trial balance more quickly accurate in the details of the work and has no mistakes to throw her off. Of course, my senior bookkeeper is a model. women working under her now, and there

have been changes in those ranks, so I

know what I'm talking about. when I employed men for the places. The girls are more punctual. They don't come down unfit for work after spree nights, the way many of our young men did. They kicking and sulkiness the men used to show. They have more conscience than the average man and infinitely more pride in are virtues in a bookkeeper. Put a smart young fellow in a bookkeeper's position and he is dissatisfied. He looks at the work just as a stepping stone, and is always reaching out after something else. He wants promotion and, eventually a business interest of his own. His head is full of things other than his bookkeeping. Now that is natural and right. There are big business chances before a young fellow and he wants to keep his eyes open. "The man who settles down content in keeping books isn't worth a salary. When see a man who has been keeping books more than five or six years I say, 'What's wrong with him?' You see what I'm getting at. The alert, capable young man who | for young folks on the subject of love, matkeeps books isn't going to stick to it very long. He may do it fairly well while he is they was edifying, though I said I didn't at it, but about the time he is expert he's see what good it did her to hear them, beumping out of the work into something | cause she'd had the love and matrimony,

STICKS TO HER JOB. "A girl isn't so lucky. Few business opportunities are open to her and she knows it If she is a bookkeeper the chances are | was only \$350 a year. For a while the that in the mercantile world there isn't That's her limit. Conditions may be unfair. but they make her an ideal bookkeeper. She doesn't consider the work beneath her. Her heart is in it. She isn't filling her head with other ideas and ambitions. She takes tremendous pride in her work and perfects every detail of it. Go in there and look at my books. They are fit to frame-

in my office. I think possibly the wrong woman in an office would be more obnox-

that the young women are closer-mouthed | st than the young men. That's contrary to all tradition; but I've watched closely and I've inquired and talked the matter-over with persons in a position to know. The woman seems to be only too glad to drop the office when she gets away from it. She goes | & to a home and home intersts. Probably the women of her family and her intimate friends aren't in the slightest degree interested in business matters, so she doesn't | 2 talk shop to them. She doesn't talk it to her men friends, because, if she has any sense, she knows that isn't the sort of thing a man likes in a woman, and every normal

THE YOUNG MEN TALK "Now our young men go to clubs and cafes, and are with other fellows who are I've had any amount of annoyance from the indiscretion of my clerks. A bookkeeper, if he is intelligent, can keep very close tab on his employer's affairs, and he ought to be as mute as an oyster, but it is astonishing how often he likes to show off his knowledge. So far as I can find out, the girls keep their mouths shut. They certainly do here in this factory.

"I've heard it said that women are lack-On the other hand, employers who have ligation. Shouldn't wonder if that used to be a part of my creed; but I've recanted. The man who started that fable had, as I said a while ago, been studying the women of his family and set. He hadn't known the six bookkeepers in his office, and looks modern business woman in her business relations. I'm rapidly coming to the conclusion that women have more conscience and a finer sense of honor in business re-"How do I like them? It's great," he lations than men. Those girls in there are certainly more scrupulous than any set of

You may think that doesn't cut much figure in bookkeeping, but a senior bookkeeper seedy old traditions about women that are of mine handles the cash, signs checks and all that sort of thing. You should see her when it comes to a question of what accounts shall be settled first and of handling | & true, my attitude toward women in office men. When a man comes in in a bad temwork would have been all right, but they per I just let her have a go at him first.

> "Do you pay the women as much as you | 22 paid the men?" asked the reporter. "Well, yes; I do now. I didn't at first, and it isn't customary to pay a woman bookkeeper as much as a man would get for the same work. That's all wrong, but it is a part of the old prejudice, and it is the woman bookkeepers are better known and understood. I know of women who are getting \$3,500 a year for bookkeeping, and \$1,200 salaries for women are very common nowadays, though they were unusual five years ago. You see a woman has had to fight the sex handicap, and the only way she could do it was by working for less than she was worth; but, as her position grows more assured she can be more independent." "Are there many women in the field?"

"Hundreds; thousands; and yet there aren't as many women applicants for bookkeeping places as there were. The supply has decreased in quantity and improved in quality. That is due to the stenography craze. There are plenty of splendid women stenographers and typewriters, but the ordinary place of that sort doesn't require so high a degree of intelligence and character as a responsible bookkeeper's place, and doesn't entail so hard work. Moreexperience. So the shallow, superficial and objectionable woman worker has slid off into stenography and typewriting, and the bookkeeping ranks are cleared of

"They seem to be a quite dignified set, the women bookkeepers, and they are unquestionably gaining ground in the business world every year. I'm willing to bet that nine out of ten men who are employing them will tell you that, for honesty, temperance, tact, conscience, neatness, amiability, and the art of holding her tongue. the average woman bookkeeper can give the average man bookkeeper points and

"A LITERARY FELLER."

rival in the morning. I've never seen her | Description of One by a Village Resi-

New York Commercial Advertiser.

"They tell me you're a literary feller." said Kale, lifting his heels up to the rim of the Franklin stove. He wore great cowhide boots, with his trousers tucked into the tops. Consequently his feet were rather heavy; and, what with his rheumatism, the exertion of raising his extremities to a level with his head made him groan. "Well, I was surprised when heered that," he added.

He took a chew of tobacco, working it around with his tongue till it rested the place formerly occupied by two great molar teeth. Sam Eckerson, the storekeeper, leaned against the counter, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled expectantly. Although it was bitterly cold the store whenever any one entered of respect for business. He was bald, with a broad, fat face and bunches of side whiskers. Formerly these whiskers were red, with streaks of gray. But when Sam's wife died and he went into mourning he dyed them black.

Kale sat musing. Then he looked up sharply. I knew that the proper time for the question had come, and said: "Well, why were you surprised, Mr.

Kale cast one of his keen glances at me -his gray eyes looked hard as steel thenexpectorated on the stove, smoothed down "You don't look like a literary feller, in in one of these 'ere golf suits and smoke a buildeg briarwood pipe? That ain't literary; at least, judging by what I've seen. Then what are you doing, hanging around here in Exville, ef you're literary? This ain't no place for literatoore. They ain't any literatoore here." Kale paused a moment and Sam Ecker-

son nodded and smiled expectantly. "Now, New York's the place for litera-toore," Kale resumed. "At least, that's what the Rev. Mr. Sampson told me, and I'm judging by him. He's the only literary feller we ever had in this place, and he didn't like it here. He used to say to me: 'Ef I could only get to New York I'd have some scope'-scope was the word he used-'I'd have some scope for my abilities, sez'ee. He wasn't a darned bit like you, and as I said, I'm judging by him. That's why I was surprised when I heard you was a literary feller. Sampson didn't smoke, and he always wore a long black coat and a white necktie and a black felt hat. Of course, he was a minister of the gospel, and he had to dress like that, but somehow it seemed literary, too. He was terrible literary, that fellow was. Young, too. He used to write love stories that was printed in the Pokedale Gazette, but they was only his sermons hashed over. He preached sermons and nothing could change her way of housekeeping. She's pretty sot in her ways, m' wife is. But that's neither here nor Sampson was just aching to get church talked of raising it, and m' wife told raise his salary, so he just had to get along

Kale removed the stale quid and replaced "Literateore is an easy job," he resumed, after the intermission, during which neither Sam nor I ventured to offer a remark. and in winter I go clamming, and such like, and then come back here and I'll show you and I feel at night as though I had earned some of my old books that were filled in my supper. But I wouldn't if I had set at transfer three and drop two," and other the days when I was sticking to my creed bewildering advice is about as intelligible I'm not saying there aren't some men bookto the average mortal as are the follow- keepers who can't be surpassed, but I'm just as easy as rolling off a log. My ideas went to New York to live after they got his ruddy visage peeped out like another jovial orb. There was a tragedy connected wilter on "a stupendously fine chord" in with him, too, though, and his wife was in the madhouse; so perhaps he needed all his dahlias for consolation. His heart was in them, that was evident. He could trust in them, that was evident. He could trust no one but aimself to tend these precious in the wind of an erudite musical willing about the average young man and come to me, I can't tell jest how, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And that ain't any work, sez'ee, and I can't rest till I've put them down in literary form. And the clevel of the c

then with writing love stories."

woman in an office would be more obnoxious than the wrong man, but a business woman of some experience, who has recommendations and appears to be refined and self-respecting, is a safer proposition than a young man of the same experience and with the same credentials. Rich Holiday Furs



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The man who has allowed the demon of internand by the chains of habit that tears and arguments are of little avail. It is useless to attempt to reform a drunkard by appeals to his conscience or his morality. His appetite is the source of his trouble, and should be the point of

ple that the Keeley Institute, located at Plain-neld, Ind., has had such great success in the cure of chronic alcoholism. The drunkard has to not only cures the craving, but builds up the wasted tissues until the one-time slave is emencipated. Write for information to Plainfield. Plainfield is fourteen miles west of Indianapolis on the Vandalia Railway.



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erary he was. But you ain't a minister,

and don't do anything but literatoore. I'd you ain't earned your salt." I replied that on numerous occasions I had felt perfectly sure of it. Kaie eyed me sharply a moment, and then, removing his heels from the rim of the stove, said: "I was going clamming this afternoon, but it's getting so late I guess I won't. I'd have to go home and change my boots if I went. "What become of the Rev. Mr. Samp-son?" I asked. "Is he still around here?" "Why Sampson married a rich girl a couple of years ago. She was up here for the summer with her folks, and Sampson 1839

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